

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
at \$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

W. P. WALTON.

Particulars of a Sad Love Affair—A Very Unfortunate Misunderstanding.

Ben Perley Poor!

Mr. Buchanan was regarded almost at the commencement of his congressional career, as a confirmed bachelor, his first and only love affair having had a sad termination. The lady's name was Ann Chapman, on whose was the daughter of a proud, wealthy citizen of Lancaster. In 1821 Mr. Buchanan was elected to congress, and the next long session was continued far into July, when he returned home to the Baltimore stage, first and dusty. After he had washed and changed his clothes, he started out for a short stroll in his dressing-gown and slippers.

Miss Grace Hutton, sister-in-law to William Jennings, who resided on the corner of South Queen street, the terminus of the southwest angle, happened to be sitting in the parlor with all the windows open on account of the heat, noticing that Mr. Buchanan had returned, went to the door, and, passing the compliments of the evening, invited him in, with which he complied, and they seated themselves by a large open window and engaged in conversation. Not more than twenty minutes thereafter an anonymous note was handed to Mr. Chapman, stating that Mr. Buchanan was too tired to call on his affianced, but that he could call on and sit and chat with Miss Hutton.

On perusing the note Miss Chapman was naturally somewhat troubled, and her father insisted upon seeing it. His offended dignity was at once in arms, and within an hour the daughter was placed in the family carriage and on the way to Phillipsburg to visit her sister, Mrs. Julia Hobart. Knowing the unrelenting nature of her father, and probably fearing hurt at the hands of an anonymous conveyer of her affianced, she became despatched and in her despair took insulation and was in time to the day following her reaching Phillipsburg, Mr. Buchanan requested permission to attend the funeral and in prayer, but was rudely refused. Being a man of ardent affection, and entirely devoted to his betrothed, Mr. Buchanan's mind was nearly unstrung by the sudden calamity, which had fallen him so suddenly, and his friends became importunate, and Judge Franklin persuaded him to remain in his family a few days. He never forgot his early love, so shortly terminated.

The Man Next You.

Philadelphia Press.

"There is a man whom I know to be a gentleman since I saw him buy a pair of gloves," said a somewhat cynical observer of human nature. "To most people the girl behind the counter who waits upon them is a tool, an instrument of their convenience. He showed, without any fuss, that he recognized in her a human being, at whose hands he desired a service." And it brightened up a dull face to be so treated.

This business of getting into right human relations with other human beings is a large part of the best culture of character. It is a mistake when we touch on any other human life, however lightly and on the surface, without recognizing practically the humanity which is there. We impervious human relations by this merely external contact of man with man; and we do each other great harm at times by not getting a little nearer.

Now there is in the moment and humiliates a something which rises up against this treatment. Men hate to be nothing, or to be tools. They want some recognition of their personality, their individuality. Much of the popular form of religion is vital through demand for recognition. The poor man says: "Here I am naked, and despised by those who turn the attention of the world upon themselves. But God helps me. I am not a nobody to Him. And the day is coming when the manifestation of His love will lift me out of this neglect and obscurity into recognition and honor." It is remarkable what a part this element plays in the popular notion of the future life.

Silk Bag Carpets.

(New York Herald.)

Down in a dingy, dim and dirty little basement under a rickety old building on the Bowery are beautiful as they are fascinating. It is a new break in fancy work, and I think a sensible one.

This new wrinkle is nothing more nor less than a silk rug carpet. Old silk dresses, sashes and ribbons are cut up into little strips, the colors mixed indiscriminately together, and woven into a thick rug like a Turkey carpet. Threads of gold and silver braid are run in to give the mass an occasional glitter here and there. Thus with elaborate nooses attached they are hung up to net no portieres or window curtains.

This little Bowery cellar is the only place where they are woven. Little do the occupants of fashionable drawing-rooms imagine that the pretty fabrics are made by the brawny Milesian, with spectacles and a black pipe, and that by the art of two flickering candlesticks set in the dust of the cumbrous loom he blends the colors together with the eye of an artist.

An Incredulous Waiter.

(Chicago Tribune.)

"Two beers, two ginger ale, and a glass of water," ordered one of five friends who dropped into a restaurant.

The waiter seemed bewildered.

"Doo peer, doo ginger, one—"

"Water, water. A glass of water."

"Wader!"

"Yes, water, plain water."

He shook his head incredulously and fetched two beers, two ginger ales, and a gyro-bread-and-ham sandwich.

Josh Billings: When I see a man with a marked eccentricity, I am ready to make a wager that the eccentricity is about all there is to him.

THIS IDEA OF GOING WEST

To Canada or New Mexico, for pure air to relieve Consumption, is really to stoke. Any reasonable man would use Dr. Bausko's Cough and Lung Syrup for Consumption in all its first stages. It never fails to give relief in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pains in the Chest and all afflictions that are considered primary to Consumption. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1885.

NO. 33.

THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story.

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Philip watched every mail for the expected letter which was to forever rid him of Henry Graham, but as the days passed and it did not come he grew uneasy. "She can't have got frightened and concluded not to send it or has decided to expose me; she's idiot enough to do either." He said no more to Julia about Henry, but he ground his teeth whenever he name and he saw how happy Julia looked. One morning after a night of fretting and troubling everything pleasant on the head of Miss Castle, the expected letter came. It had been the custom ever since he first came, for Philip to distribute the mail. He knew the letter at a glance and while pretending to be busy sorting the rest of the mail keenly watched Julia.

She opened the letter first in evident wonder, which gave way to a look of bewilderment, then overwhelming comprehension as she forced herself to read it twice to the end, then folded it and as she thought, slipped it into her pocket, but it only lodged in the folds of her dress.

When she rose to leave the table with the others at the close of the meal, the letter slipped from her dress to the carpet and Chatty who had been observing her, put her foot on it, lingered to get some flowers from the table until the others were out of the room then stooped and picked it up.

"Something is wrong and this letter especially; she won't tell me herself, so I'll find out and see what can be done." She passed the sitting room, where she supposed the others were and went upstairs, at the top of the steps she met Julia coming down and evidently looking for something. "I have dropped a letter," she said.

"Did she write it, you think?" asked Chatty when he had finished. "I didn't believe her or any other woman capable of such falsehood," said Henry, "but it seems that she wrote it, her name is there. What could have prompted her to do such a thing is beyond my comprehension. I never tried to make an impression on her virgin heart and was not aware until now of my good fortune in that respect. I wish there was a man in it," said Henry rising with a laugh, "I would like to thrash some one in my present humor."

Chatty thought it highly probable that there was one in it, but wisely kept her thoughts to herself.

"Your sister does not believe it does she? She don't think me capable of being such a puppy?"

"I think it highly probable that she does; only does not put it in exactly the light that you do."

"I can't see why she did it," said Henry in a puzzled and embarrassed way, "I will write to her immediately and inquire."

"Wait a moment," said Chatty, "don't you think I can do this better than you?" It will save her feeling in a measure and now that I know you innocent I have no further hesitancy in the matter. Let me write to her and tell her that her secret is not in safe bands, that I will tell you all about it unless she instantly states the matter truly; I will then show you the result and is not perfectly satisfactory you can take whatever step you like."

"You are both kind and thoughtful," said Henry gratefully, "I have no hesitancy in leaving my cause in your hands, sure that it will not suffer."

"Not this morning, some other time, tell them." At the same time preparing to change her slippers for walking shoes and putting on a hat with a thick veil, then going out she locked her door after her and went down the back stairs.

"Tell me who asks for me that I may out walking." Sam went with Julia and Philip, did he not?"

"Name, Mr. Philip drove," Jim told her. Chatty hurried to Sam's quarters.

"Aunt Letha, where is Sam?"

"Here, Miss Chatter, here I is, poor executed he creature, lookin' up some ole cloes, I can't get Letha to do nothin' but fass, I ax her lak look fur em, but she's so ill naturd she wont do nothin' but smoke and crowl. Next time I marry I'm goin to get a woman that don't smoke, backer is good for the stomach of man, so a postle says, but it allus makes a woman ill naturd, and Sam come out of a corner with a pair of pants hanging over his arm." But come in, honey; what has you got that veil on such a hot day and what does yer want?"

"I want to see you on particular business, Sam."

"Ah, dat means yer don't want no woman and white eyed chillun cluded," Sam growled throwing down the pants he held and coming out.

"Sam have you anything in particular to do this morning?" asked Chatty when they were some little distance from the door.

"No honey, nothin' very tickular, just to change my habillermans, then sweep the yard and rub up the harness and look arter the garden, nothin' very tickular tho." "No, I didn't feel like going this morning."

"I am glad you did not," said the lady after a short silence, "if Philip intends to propose to Julia it is quite time. I must speak to Julia about that young Graham visiting her so often, I have submitted to it thus far thinking it might hurry Philip, but it's quite time there was a stop put to it."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THAT BACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Silloth's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our life to Silloth's Consumption Cure." For sale by Penny & McAllister.

ITCH curdlin 80 minutes by Wolford's Salicy Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Penny & McAllister, Druggists, Stanford; also by M. C. & D. N. Williams, Mt. Vernon.

Chatty pressed something bright into his hand.

"Thannee honey; I'll walk fast, most run, so I will," and Sam hurried off.

Chatty walked slowly in the same direction, until half way to the Dr's, where an-

other road turned off; here was a grove of trees. Chatty entered it and sat down on a log to wait.

She had only been there a short time when she heard the sound as if a horse was coming at full speed up the road, she drew her a bough for concealment, at the same moment a flying figure passed her, the ragged tails of his long coat standing straight out behind him, hat in hand, a cloud of dust in the rear, Sam going home.

Several minutes elapsed and Chatty was beginning to be a little frightened at her own timidity in coming out alone on that rather lonely road and to think that it was probably better to let people attend to their own affairs, when she heard a step coming near and Henry came in sight and had his steps toward the little grove.

There is something in a good and brave man's face which gives comfort and assurance to the weak and fearful; one look into the face before her gave Chatty renewed courage, whatever was beat to be done she felt that his sense would dictate and will promote.

"You wished to see me," said Henry after he had pleasantly greeted her and taken a seat on the log by her side, a little bewildered, but with an undefined feeling that in some way Julia was connected with the proceeding.

For a few moments Chatty placed the letter in his hands. He glanced at the direction then inquiringly at Chatty.

"Read it," she said with a nod.

He read it through, the merry look leaving his face and one of wonder, indignation and disgust took its place.

"Did she write it, you think?" asked Chatty when he had finished.

"I didn't believe her or any other woman capable of such falsehood," said Henry, "but it seems that she wrote it, her name is there. What could have prompted her to do such a thing is beyond my comprehension. I never tried to make an impression on her virgin heart and was not aware until now of my good fortune in that respect. I wish there was a man in it," said Henry rising with a laugh, "I would like to thrash some one in my present humor."

Chatty thought it highly probable that there was one in it, but wisely kept her thoughts to herself.

"Your sister does not believe it does she? She don't think me capable of being such a puppy?"

"I think it highly probable that she does; only does not put it in exactly the light that you do."

"I can't see why she did it," said Henry in a puzzled and embarrassed way, "I will write to her immediately and inquire."

"Wait a moment," said Chatty, "don't you think I can do this better than you?" It will save her feeling in a measure and now that I know you innocent I have no further hesitancy in the matter. Let me write to her and tell her that her secret is not in safe bands, that I will tell you all about it unless she instantly states the matter truly; I will then show you the result and is not perfectly satisfactory you can take whatever step you like."

"You are both kind and thoughtful," said Henry gratefully, "I have no hesitancy in leaving my cause in your hands, sure that it will not suffer."

After a good deal more talk in which Chatty told him she thought it best that she stay away from Julia until after the letter from Covington could be received, that she would send Sam to notify him of the time, they rose to go.

Henry walked with her as far as he deemed it advisable, when they parted he said, "Give your sister my dear love for I do love her as never man loved before, tell her that my every thought is of her or connected with her in some way, everything reminds me of her, if a bird sings I find it calls her name, or has a voice like hers, the earth beneath, the sky above, my own soul speaks always of her. I didn't know that love would make a man so silly; I suppose Edward thinks me a sorry specimen for he goes off to himself to get rid of me and my talk."

Julia and Philip had not yet returned from their drive when Chatty reached home. She went to her room, laid off her hat, wrote a letter but comprehensive letter to Miss Castle and dispatched it by Jim. Then changing her walking dress and shoes for a house dress and slippers she took her work and went down stairs to the sitting room where her mother was reclining on a couch reading.

"I thought that you had gone with Philip and Julia," she said, glancing at Chatty.

"No, I didn't feel like going this morning."

"I am glad you did not," said the lady after a short silence, "if Philip intends to propose to Julia it is quite time. I must speak to Julia about that young Graham visiting her so often, I have submitted to it thus far thinking it might hurry Philip, but it's quite time there was a stop put to it."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THAT BACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Silloth's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our life to Silloth's Consumption Cure." For sale by Penny & McAllister.

ITCH curdlin 80 minutes by Wolford's Salicy Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Penny & McAllister, Druggists, Stanford; also by M. C. & D. N. Williams, Mt. Vernon.

Chatty pressed something bright into his hand.

"Thannee honey; I'll walk fast, most run, so I will," and Sam hurried off.

Chatty walked slowly in the same direction, until half way to the Dr's, where an-

ROCK CASTLE SPRINGS.

Music, Mirth and Love Making.

The following special dispatch was received at this office at a late hour last night:

ROCK CASTLE SPRINGS, June 25.—The Julia Brother's Shreveport Orchestra and the Stanford Gold and Silver Cornet Band have both been engaged to enliven the guests at Rock Castle Springs this season. A very accomplished and brilliant pianist will also flavor the assembled multitude with daily concerts. Floating concert and lathing carnival every afternoon. Ball Room, Skating Rink and Tea Pin Alley open six nights every week. Balcony tetras prohibited after 11 o'clock. Progressive Electra from 10 to 12:30. Quirque and Crap stabs hours. Now with you come?

STORY HALLS.

HALLS GAP, LINCOLN COUNTY.

The debate, which has been adjourned for a short time on account of sickness, will re-open Saturday night when our orator will endeavor to ascertain which has been the most detrimental to this State, whisky or firearms.

Our town presents a very deserted appearance to-day, as the young folks are all at home endeavoring to get rid of the headaches engendered at the dance Tuesday night and the old folks are in close attendance lecturing on the folly of dissipation and citing their own experiences as proof.

—Mr. M. F. Herring has bought a part of the Gentry farm opposite Dalton and will remove there in a short time. J. M. Martin sold a yoke of cattle to Jas. Light for \$142. N. W. Sampson sold

Stanford, Ky., June 26, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

Mr. Vilas, the Postmaster General, does not believe in making his department a mere political machine and its 40,000 postmasters and 100,000 direct and indirect employees, a lot of henchmen for a political chief, regardless of the interest of the service or of the people. The republican party has used it to advance its interests and that accounts for about all the scandals which have surrounded the service. He thinks this is a good time to break up the notion that the postmasterships are the peculiar property of politicians and that everything must be subservient to their convenience and purposes. Continuing he says: "I believe, of course, that the offices as a rule should be given to persons who are in accord with the views of Administration, but there should be some discrimination exercised so as to secure the person who is most satisfactory to the majority of the community in which the office is situated. Instances have occurred in which an entire community have supported one man and the member of Congress insisted on another and gained his point. This, I think, is wrong, and will not occur with my knowledge and consent while I have anything to say." All other things being equal he will differ to the recommendation of the Congressmen but that individual's endorsement will not always suffice. Mr. Vilas is fully imbued with the spirit which animates President Cleveland in the desire for a pure and honest administration, and is resolved to assist him to his fullest extent. So far they have made few if any mistakes.

LAWLESSNESS and murder still run riot in Rowan, Letcher, Knox and Bell counties and there seems no alternative but for the Governor to send troops to the scene and subdue the rascals or shoot them down like dogs. Governor Knott very commendably tried persuasion on them and endeavored to stay the riotous proceedings by an appeal to their manliness and citizenship and these having failed, coercion is the only means left him and we are glad to know that he is equal to the occasion by holding troops under marching orders to move the moment they are demanded. The law-breakers can and must be suppressed, if it takes every soldier and citizen in the State.

THE silence on the part of the newspapers concerning the Hon. Philip B. Thompson, Jr., was growing serious and we were beginning to hope that that much discussed individual was to be allowed to retire from public view, but here comes a Washington dispatch saying that he has just won a case with a \$5,000 fee and this will serve to advertise him for sometime. By the way a man who can make a \$5,000 fee in a single case ought to be glad the people refused to continue him as a Congressman, at a salary of but \$5,000 for a whole year.

THE Rev. T. U. Dudley took several pages in the Century Magazine to discuss the subject, "How shall we help the negro," while Pick's Sun disposes of the question in a line. It says the best way is to leave the hen coop and mow pitch unguarded and let him help himself, and even the reverend gentleman can not gainsay the soundness of the argument.

THE Chicago News thus sizes up the little repudiator: "The once popular and puissant William Mahone has shrunk away to such an extent as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. The present administration seems to regard him with the same bumptious indifference with which a well-bred gentleman views a half-smoked cigarette in the gutter."

SO WELL an informed paper as the New York World should blush to make such a mistake as to speak of the Rev. Sam Jones, as "the colored Southern revivalist." Samuel is a "Kentucky, by gawd sir," and as he stands over six feet in his stockings, Mr. Pulitzer had best stay on his side of the line when he wants to call him a negro.

ONE of its old editors, Mr. J. E. Murrell, has taken temporary charge of the Columbia Spectator and already it shows the touch of an expert. Its editor, Mr. Rollin Hurt, is a candidate for the Legislature and has neglected the paper till its appearance was an eyesore to every lover of neat typography.

EVERYTHING mean has been charged against members of the Illinois Legislature except rape and now that charge is most made against Representative Jones, of Randolph county, who is charged with assault with intent to outrage Nannie Jones, a 12 year old page, in the State-house at Springfield.

KENLEY, of Richmond, Va., seems to be in bad repute with the foreign governments. Italy refused to accept him as a Minister from the U. S., and now Austria follows suit. Some remark about the religion of the countries in speech many years ago is given as the reason for not wishing his presence.

A COLORED lawyer was called by Judge R. H. Thompson to occupy during his absence the bench of the city court of Louisville and the latter is receiving much praise from the colored people. It was the first time that a black man ever acted as judge in the State.

AFTER July 1st, the heavy postage tax on newspapers will be relieved by 50 per cent. Last year that class of mail matter brought a revenue to the department of over two millions of dollars.

KENTUCKY offers up another sacrifice to the avenger of murder to-day. Jordan Taylor, colored, will be hung at Hopkinsville for killing Salie Saunders, whose head he cut off with an ax.

The editor of the Hanover, Va., *News*, Claude Swanson by name, published a denunciatory article on Judge Edmund Waddell, recently discharged from the U. S. District Attorneyship, charging that he had sold himself to Mahone for office. The Judge thereupon challenged the editor and disappeared. But duellists usually manage to let the officers find out about their coming "affair of honor" and the Judge was arrested and bound over to keep the peace. The editor also had to furnish bondsman and instead of a noted duel the matter ends in a police court, just as both probably wished it would. These "dead game" Virginians are not always as brave as they advertise themselves and many of them resort to the "code" for the purpose of being brought before the courts.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

R. T. Merrick, an eminent lawyer, is dead at Washington. At Louisville, Phillip Bellmyer was given 14 years on two charges of attempted rape. —The Kentucky School of Medicine, of Louisville, graduated fifty-seven young doctors. —Hon. Horace Burchard, Director of the Mint, declines to resign. It is probable that he will be removed. —The library, 3,000 volumes, left by the late Dr. T. S. Bell, has been purchased by the Polytechnic Society for \$1,500.

Thomas Back has been appointed to succeed George W. Dent, brother-in-law of General Grant, as Appraiser at San Francisco.

John Kenney, a negro prisoner in the jail at Cynthiana who tried to kill the deputy jailer, J. B. King, was shot by the lat- ter and killed.

As a result of the recent earthquakes in Cashmere, 3,000 persons lost their lives, 70,000 houses were laid in ruins, and 30,000 animals perished.

The Marquis of Salisbury has accepted the office of Premier, thus making an important step in the settlement of the English political tangle.

The excitement over the killing of young Schreiber, at Nashville, by three policemen, has grown very great, and \$5,000 has been subscribed to prosecute them.

William Jackson, residing near Green-
berg, Ind., was fatally injured while plowing corn, the plow handle striking him in the abdomen, causing death in twenty-four hours.

It is predicted from Frankfort that Judge Bowden, of the Superior Court, will be the successful candidate for the Court of Appeals vice-Judge Hines, who declines to run again.

Ground was broken Tuesday for a million-dollar Government building on the corner of Fourth and Chestnut street, Louisville. It is to be completed in 1890.

Five negroes, four men and one woman, were hung by a mob at Elkhart, Texas, Monday morning for the murder of Mrs. Randolph Hazell, the preceding night.

Round-trip tickets from Louisville to the National Teachers' Association at Saratoga Springs have been placed on sale at \$16, good going July 6 to 13, inclusive; returning until August 31.

Link Banks, a leader of the Letcher county outlaws, was instantly killed at Whitesburg by J. H. Frazier, whom he attacked on an old grudge. Banks had killed three men since Jan. 1st.

Buddeeneck, the cheap contractor who built houses in New York with sand instead of mortar, has been sentenced to ten years in prison and to pay a fine of \$500 for the killing of a man by the falling of a row of his rotten work.

The action of Secretary Bayard in sending the Iroquois to Ecuador to back up the demand for a release of Santos is regarded as the best evidence that the Administration will protect American interests and American honor and will not hesitate to interfere again and promptly in Central American affairs if the occasion calls for it, as does not seem unlikely, in view of what is now transpiring on the Isthmus.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.
Lancaster.

John Graham obtained license to be married to Miss Jennie Benge. Both are residents of Garrard.

The wills of Joe Baker, Achilles Allen and Garland King were admitted to probate in the county court Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Forbue died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs Tuesday evening, Burial at Pleasant Grove cemetery Wednesday.

Workmen began laying brick on C. C. Storms new storeroom Thursday. The building will be two stories and will be used by Mr. Storms as a drug and grocery store.

Mr. James E. Murdoch, the celebrated elocutionist and dramatist, of Cincinnati, gave a reading at the City Hall on the evening of the 23d inst. He was greeted by a large audience who were delighted with the entertainment. Although 75 years of age Mr. Murdoch has all the fire, and his voice is as strong, clear and resonant as that of a young man of 25. His repertoire embraced the tragic, the pathetic and the humorous and his renditions were all superb. He is a grand old man.

Miss Nellie Marr is visiting friends in Nicholaville. Rev. W. J. Fowle and family and Miss Bettie Jones are at Dripping Springs. Col. Sam Miller has gone to Cincinnati on business. Messrs. Will Vaughan, of Cincinnati, and E. J. Vaughan, of Shivelyville, are visiting their father, Rev. T. M. Vaughan. Miss Lillie Noel, who was reported convalescent, is now dangerously ill, we regret to say. Messrs. W. J. and Roht. Kinman went to Louisville Wednesday. Miss Honeywood Hullman left Thursday for Winchester, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Edward Embry. Miss Kate Landrum is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. G. Dunlap at Nicholaville.

AFTER July 1st, the heavy postage tax on newspapers will be relieved by 50 per cent. Last year that class of mail matter brought a revenue to the department of over two millions of dollars.

KENTUCKY offers up another sacrifice to the avenger of murder to-day. Jordan Taylor, colored, will be hung at Hopkinsville for killing Salie Saunders, whose head he cut off with an ax.

GEO. O. BARNES.

A Visit to the Castle of Chillon Graphically Described.

ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, May 12th, 1885.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

The wind was rather cold on deck and only cousin Judie and Will faced it. The rest of us contented ourselves with looking through the spacious cabin windows at the lovely scenery and making dashes up stairs when the boat touched at landings and the decrease in speed made the cutting breeze more tolerable.

Glorious from even cabin windows were the ever changing charms of mountain and lake. We did not repeat the blunder Vernon and I made last summer by going by the proper landing 4 of a mile below the castle and then having a two-mile walk from the next point where the boat touches in order to get back to it. Instead of walking the 4, however, as most do, we charted a skiff for 5 francs, the round trip, and rowed up to Chillon. It was a delightful way to go over the blue waters. Will took one pair of oars and our hostman the other and the little craft sped merrily along, propelled by strong arms. Landing up to the frowning battlements, we clambered up to the drawbridge level and chaperoned by the same guide, saying the same things in a wearied, protesting way, as if he were tired to death going over the story, we leisurely "did" the famous old keep, in the pleased and horrified fashion that alternate as the varying objects of interest call up the changing emotions. Bonnivard's column and the rusted iron ring where his chain was fastened; the condemned cell where the grim old Duke's prisoners passed their last night on earth; the gallows room, with the ancient cross-beam still in place; the porter door where the bodies were shot out into the lake after execution; the torture chamber in the story above, where rack and red-hot iron did their awful work; the Duke of Savoy's bed chamber; his Duchess' boudoir; the royal reception room; the chapel (no man liked to be without "his religion") to sanction whatever he does) the black gaping well with 4 stone steps and then—an 80 feet fall on sharp knives at the bottom, hacking the poor wretch to giblets; then exit, and glad to get out into the outer air, under God's blue sky, that looked down upon all these horrors, and still looks down and makes no sign, while as bad or worse things are going on. Thank God, one day it shall cleave and let the glorious King through, who shall right all wrongs and banish wrong from His redeemed earth. We quitted this horrible old place with its concentrated superabundance of gloomy associations and a few that relieve the dark lines of the picture.

We gathered some ferns and moss (Will clambering out of the boat and up the jagged rocks to get them) right under the narrow slit windows of Bonnivard's prison. This "prisoner of Chillon" has been embalmed in Byron's verse, but I am not sure he has not been made too much of. He has not been made too much of. I am not sure that he was not a pestiferous discontent, who gave the old Duke of Savoy a lot of trouble, until the "fortune of war" threw him into the unsparring hands of his old master. Then the iron "time" did the rest. Very likely he would have treated the Duke in the same way had he been the stronger. Who knows now, whether it was not "of one and a dozen of 'other'" They were a "bad lot" all round, in those rough days of "strong cords and short shrift" and nothing but the gospel can make any of us any better now.

We wrote postals at the railway station before the train came. The lower Alps were still covered with the winter's white, and so we had a "snowy range" that in measure compensated for the invisible grandeur of real peaks. But the Himalayas will more than make up for Alpine losses.

We had a good dinner at Lausanne; Mons. Dufour and Frank meeting us and the latter making himself invaluable in the 20 minutes we had for our meal, getting our tourists' tickets properly vised and countersigned; laying in lunch for the night, and getting our baggage stowed in a suitable compartment of the railway carriage, all of which enabled us to eat in peace and say "adieu" unburdened.

Between Lausanne and Geneva an obliging old Scotchman gave us what information we needed en route. Mt. Blanc still had his head in the clouds, and reluctantly we gave him up after leaving Geneva. From Geneva to Culz we paid 12 francs extra for 1st class accommodation, there being no 2nd on the train and we not wishing to wait for a later one. So we sped out of Switzerland.

FRIDAY, Feb. 29.—We crossed the frontier between Switzerland and France at Bellegarde and then again the frontier between France and Italy at Modane just before arrival at the Mont Cenis tunnel all the same night.

We had quite an unintentional "row" with the Bellegarde officials, owing to our ignorance of the language. When the train arrived we heard porters shouting, but supposed it to be the usual noise of announcement and sat still, knowing that we made no change before Modane. Where as the order was for all to get out and have luggage examined. I noticed an officer looking very wrathfully at us, and even that he seemed to be addressing some words personally to our party, but being in blissful ignorance of what it was all about, we stared innocently at the ill-tempered gentleman in "peg top" and went on talking cheerfully. At last some porters came and began to haul our parcels off the shelves of the carriage in a most unscrupulous way, vociferating angrily and insulting at us to get out. Following our baggage wonder-

ingly and still the innocent occasion of much wrathful commotion among the officials, we found ourselves in a great room where heaps of portmanteaus and satchels let us into the secret of the situation at once. They had a little revenge in most thoroughly ransacking us and tumbling as much as possible. At last we were restored in a rumpled condition in our compartment and off, to be again rummaged at Modane in crossing to Italian soil. It is a great inconvenience to travellers that the world is so subdivided under different ownerships, treating all comers as intruders. It is a sensation sui generis, also, to stand looking on while a perfect stranger roams suspiciously around in the compartments of your "Gladstone," upturning your clothing, jewelry and dressing material in the most reckless and familiar way possible and by every action making you feel that he is in temporary possession of your property. Indignation, remonstrance, kick, struggle for a brief moment in your outraged bosom, while the man of routine goes on with bent head, peering, poking, diving, wholly absorbed in his employment all unconscious of the storm he has raised just above him. He would be amazed if you collared him.

Near Modane we met a train filled with soldiers, and halting opposite on different tracks, one of them stared at George very rudely until she drew the curtain in his face. Whereas a roar of laughter greeted the discomfited gazer from his comrades, in the midst of which the train moved off.

We were 30 minutes going through the Mont Cenis tunnel, decidedly the king of punctures through this solid earth. I am told that the engineers did not miss their measurement more than a few inches in meeting in the heart of the mountain after working from both sides, a wonderful triumph of engineering skill.

On the French side we got a lot of exquisite moonlit views of the approaches to the tunnel.

We reached Turin at 2 in the morning. Its railway station is the handsomest in Europe, perhaps in the world. One is astonished at the plate glass mirrors and superb fireplaces in the waiting rooms, more befitting a royal palace than a railway station. We had a weary 4 hours waiting there. At 6 off for Pisa and Genoa.

Alas for "Sunny Italy." What a huge joke it seemed. More disagreeable, villainous weather could hardly be conceived than that which enveloped us as we drew out of the old capital of Italy and stuck to us all this memorable day. We shivered and toasted our toes on the foot warmers, looking out on the forbidding landscape, draped in raw mist and adorned with a driving rain storm and then with one accord burst into an immoderate laugh. It was too good for "Sunny Italy." Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by JEN. B. FISH

The dry weather has caused the meadows to be almost a total failure.

The church at this place will probably make arrangements for Elder J. L. Allen to preach during the remainder of the year.

The board of examiners for this country will examine applicants for certificates to teach in the public schools, on Saturday June 27th.

—Miss Mamie Kelley has returned to West Virginia. Miss Annie Higgins, of Kirkville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. W. Paris, of this place.

Persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please come up and settle their accounts by the 15th of July. I am compelled to have the money. F. L. THOMPSON.

—W. H. Ramsey was nominated by the republicans of Laurel county to make the race for the Legislature from Laurel and Rockcastle counties. Doc. Gofine is an independent republican candidate and says he intends to run the race through. The democrats have not put out a candidate yet. The Teachers Institute for Rockcastle county will be held on the 27th day of July and will be conducted by Prof. W. E. Lingebach, principal of the Southern Indiana Normal school.

We had a good dinner at Lausanne; Mons.

Dufour and Frank meeting us and the latter making himself invaluable in the 20 minutes we had for our meal, getting our tourists' tickets properly vised and countersigned; laying in lunch for the night, and getting our baggage stowed in a suitable compartment of the railway carriage, all of which enabled us to eat in peace and say "adieu" unburdened.

Between Lausanne and Geneva an obliging old Scotchman gave us what information we needed en route. Mt. Blanc still had his head in the clouds, and reluctantly we gave him up after leaving Geneva. From Geneva to Culz we paid 12 francs extra for 1st class accommodation, there being no 2nd on the train and we not wishing to wait for a later one. So we sped out of Switzerland.

FRIDAY, Feb. 29.—We crossed the frontier between Switzerland and France at Bellegarde and then again the frontier between France and Italy at Modane just before arrival at the Mont Cenis tunnel all the same night.

We had quite an unintentional "row" with the Bellegarde officials, owing to our ignorance of the language. When the train arrived we heard porters shouting, but supposed it to be the usual noise of announcement and sat still, knowing that we made no change before Modane. Where as the order was for all to get out and have luggage examined. I noticed an officer looking very wrathfully at us, and even that he seemed to be addressing some words personally to our party, but being in blissful ignorance of what it was all about, we stared innocently at the ill-tempered gentleman in "peg top" and went on talking cheerfully. At last some porters came and began to haul our parcels off the shelves of the carriage in a most unscrupulous way, vociferating angrily and insulting at us to get out. Following our baggage wonder-

BUGGIES, BUGGIES, BUGGIES!

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE,
CONSISTING OF
Carriages, Barouches, Phaetons, Buggies, Surreys,
Jaguar Wagons, Buck Boards, Road
Carts, &c.

These Goods are all Strictly First-Class, from the Best
Manufactories,
—AND—
Are Sold on Their Merits,
WITH A GUARANTEE.

We Buy for CASH and Propose to Give our Customers the Benefit
of our Discounts.

Will Guarantee to Save you from 10 to 25 Per Cent. on every Vehicle. Give us a Call.

THE LION WROUGHT IRON RANGE,
FOR COAL OR WOOD.

This Range is Extra Heavy and is made of the very best Juniper Charcoal Iron

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., June 26, 1885

L. & H. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North.....	12:30 P. M.
" " South.....	1:40 P. M.
Express train " South.....	1:32 A. M.
" " North.....	2:08 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAllister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAllister.

Buy the Mass Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAllister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAllister.

FARMERS READ THIS.—Go to Dr. M. L. Bourne's drug store and get one package of Sam A. Clark's Hog Remedy. If you are not satisfied after using it, your money will be refunded.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. H. P. MIDDLETON, late of Newcomb, Tenn., was here yesterday.

Mrs. T. B. DEMARRE, of Louisville, is with her cousin, Mrs. W. L. Dawson.

Mr. BEN HARLAN, of California, has been on a visit to Mrs. Wesley Root.

Miss ADA FOSTER, of Cleveland, O., is visiting the family of Mr. T. J. Foster.

Mrs. W. B. MUNDELL, of Metamora, Ind., has joined her husband, the Professor, here.

Mrs. W. G. DUNLAP and Miss Lillie Messick, of Danville, are guests of Mrs. J. H. Heckler.

PROF. J. N. PRATHER, of Harrodsburg, was here yesterday to make application for the College.

MR. AND MRS. ROBT. HARDING, of Danville, were here Tuesday. One rarely sees a handsome couple.

MISS WILKINSON and JOHN H. CRAIG have started on their usual summer tour for Ab. Kirchbaum & Co.

HON. G. M. ADAMS, Register of the Land Office, was here Wednesday en route to his home at Birbourville.

Mrs. J. B. McKinney, wife, Miss Jenkins and other members of the family are spending a few weeks at Dripping Springs.

Mr. A. F. Evans is back from Cambridge, Mass., looking exceedingly well. Study and baked beans seem to have agreed with him.

Mrs. GEO. H. BRUCE and Howard have gone to her sister's, near Hyattsville, for the benefit of the latter, who is recovering from a malarial attack.

DR. J. F. PEYTON, G. W. Bronaugh, Steele Bailey, J. G. Carpenter and Hugh Reid are attending the State Medical Association meeting, in session at Crab Orchard.

MR. JAMES CROW, who is now in his 82d year, is rapidly declining and his death is likely to occur at any time. He has been one of the staunchest and best citizens that the county has ever had.

LOCAL MATTERS

TIN SETS very cheap. T. R. Walton.

New goods just received by Edmiston & Owsley.

SADLER's cradles, mowing blades, &c., at Bright & Curran's.

A large stock of clothing to be closed out very cheap Elmiston & Owsley.

HIGHLAND will have her usual 4th of July picnic and her people are making great preparations for it.

In a row between Will Huff Harris and Armp Petry, a few days ago near Highland, the former cut the latter in the abdomen inflicting a severe wound.

A LADY in this county after selling over \$100 worth of strawberries, put up for winter use 25 bushels, (we don't mean gallons,) of the succulent berry.

NEW STORE.—Mr. S. S. Myers has rented the store-room belonging to the INTERIOR JOURNAL building and will open next Monday a full line of confectionaries, fruits and green groceries. He will also attach an ice cream saloon.

A CORRESPONDENT writes that the people of McKinney are much excited over the inhuman treatment of a little white girl who is hired by a preacher there. The charges are so severe that we withhold names until we can further investigate the matter.

The Stanford Lodge of Odd Fellows, or rather about 40 of them, went by special train on the K. C. yesterday to the Odd Fellows picnic at Lexington, taking with them the Gold and Silver Band, composed of the following musicians: Prof. W. E. Mundell, J. T. Carson, Dr. L. F. Huffman, P. L. Baker, Dr. W. B. Penny, Will Severance, J. F. Waters, A. A. Warren, D. R. Carpenter, T. M. Johnston, C. C. Carson and E. C. Walton. The train left at 6 A. M. and was to return about 3 this morning.

The manner in which the directors of the Kentucky Heat Fender Co., have gone to work shows they mean business in earnest, and their terms of sale—ten days on trial—shows they knew their fenders carry conviction with them. Their first shipment has all been engaged. The idea of making the cook room as cool as the parlor is a capital one for the benefit of suffering women and as much curiosity and interest in "the how it is done and what the fender looks like" is evident, they will erect one in Stanford upon its arrival from the factory, when all, especially the ladies for whose benefit it is designed, will be invited to examine it. Mr. John M. Hall saw the one demonstrated in Crab Orchard, gave his order and is enthusiastic in the cause.

FRUIT JARS and CANS at T. R. Walton's. A line of fruit jars and cans at Bright & Curran's.

THE best hay rakes on the market and only \$20, for sale by Bright & Curran.

THE K. C. will sell round trip tickets to the Masonic celebration at Richmond tomorrow for \$1.35, good to return Monday.

IT is just two months before the Stanford Female College ought to open and no one has been secured to take charge of it yet. The Trustees should begin to stir themselves.

THE cool wave has been succeeded by a hot one and yesterday was as warm as it ever gets to get. During the cold spell heavy frosts fell in Michigan, doing much damage to crops.

THE Farmers National Bank has fitted up an elegant directors room and with the aid of paints, carpenters' work, &c., has made its banking house one of the most beautiful in this section.

THE handsome two story brick building just erected on Lancaster street for Col. W. T. Welch, Judge J. M. Phillips and J. B. Paxton by contractors Allen & Allison, is now ready for occupancy. It is one of the neatest improvements that we have noted for many a day.

REMEMBER the Picnic at Lutherheim tomorrow. "Dot little German Band" will furnish the music, several good speakers will be in attendance and a fine dinner will be spread. We thank Mr. Albert H. Zollinger for an invitation, which he also asks shall be extended to the public at large.

THE present is an exceedingly dull time in business here and there is a general complaint of hard times. The farmers have nothing to sell and money is scarcer than for years. It will take the new railroad or something else to revive business.

THE creamery made 200 pounds of nice butter yesterday, the largest churning yet made. It is paying farmers much more for their cream than they can get by making it into butter and they are beginning to realize the fact. Country butter is a drug on the merchant at Lancaster at 12 cents.

WHEAT.—Judge Burch tells us that he will get less than 10 bushels of wheat from 20 acres and that the entire crop of his neighborhood will be insufficient to induce a thresher to come and get it out. He and others are arranging to return to the primitive method of using flails for the purpose.

BY the recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

THE recent readjustment, the salaries of nearly every postmaster in Kentucky holding a Presidential office, have been reduced from \$100 to \$200. Danville is reduced to \$1,700, Stanford to \$1,300. Somerset to \$1,000. Lebanon and Madisonville are alone increased \$100 each, while Lancaster ceases to be a Presidential office, which means that the salary is less than \$1,000, in which case the P. M. General appoints.

wore white flannel and escorial lace. The groom is a son of Esquire L. B. Adams, of the West End, and for two years has been engaged in business at McKinney, Texas. He is possessed of moral habits and good business qualifications and the keeping of the bright, young life which is now blighted with bis, is apparently in safe hands. That he may ever fully appreciate the trust she has imposed in him and that their days on earth may be long and happy, we join their many friends in wishing. After hearty congratulations had followed the ceremony, the guests were invited to an elegant lunch prepared by the Gilcher Bros., of Danville, and in which they fully maintained their high reputation. The table was beautifully prepared and the happy party did ample justice to the tempting viands with which it was loaded. The bride was the recipient of many costly presents, among which was noticed a beautiful watch from Miss Eugenia Peyton, a diamond ring from Miss Julia Peyton, a set of jewelry from Miss Mary Peyton, a set of silver from Dr. J. F. Peyton, and a check for \$100 from Masterson Peyton. Most of the party accompanied the bridal pair to "Squire Adams" the same night, where a reception was given them. Several other entertainments were given in their honor and their week in their old Kentucky home before leaving for the Lone Star State, will be a bright spot in their memory and we hope they will always be as happy as in those delightful June days.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. A. S. Moffett will preach at Crab Orchard next Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

—The Minutes of the Southern Methodists, just issued, show a membership of 941,327, net increase, 37,127.

—The Mazur Bible sold last week for \$19,500. This is the highest price ever paid for a single book.

—The new Christian church at Campbellville will be dedicated next Sunday by Eld. Jno. S. Sweeney, of Paris.

—Rev. B. A. Dawes will preach at the Baptist church here Sunday in the place of Mr. Bruce who has gone to the State Convention at Mayfield.

—Rev. J. E. Triplett will preach next Sabbath at McKinney, at 11 o'clock A. M. and at Richard's school-house at 4 p. m. and at Smith's school-house at 8 o'clock P. M.

—Rev. T. F. Garrett closed his revival at Corinth Sunday, which resulted in 33 conversions, 17 made perfect in love and 41 additions to the Methodist church. The meeting ran 11 days. —[Lexington Gazette.]

—Dr. Eaton, of Walnut Street Baptist church, has made a calculation on the growth and contributions of Baptists, which shows that if the increase continues, in 87 years everybody will be Baptist; and if the decrease in giving goes on, in 91 years no person will give a cent for Christianity.

—Rev. W. P. Hersey, of Harrodsburg, will present the best annual report of Sunday-school work ever done in Kentucky. He has raised \$8,600, employed 33 men, organized 35 Sunday-schools, effected 401 conversions among the scholars, sold bibles and books to the amount of \$1,500 and given away \$300 worth.

—The meeting at the Methodist church has resulted so far in 11 confessions and an addition of 9 to the church membership. The Christians have never been so warmed up nor has more interest in the cause of religion been manifested here for some time. Rev. H. C. Morrison is an earnest and effective speaker and is aiding the pastor, Rev. F. S. Pollite, in a work that is teeming with good results. The meeting has now been in progress three weeks and is likely to continue for some time.

LAND STOCK AND CROP.

—Corn for sale, F. Reid, Stanford, 3 t.

—Wheat is now transported by boats from Chicago to Buffalo for one cent per bushel, the lowest rate ever made.

—A peculiar and fatal disease has broken out among the cattle in Bell county. The disease seems to affect the head and lungs.

—The Allen Bros. have bought the lambs of a number of farmers in this section at \$1 and 4 for July 1st and July 20th deliveries.

—In Louisville good cattle sell well at 4 to 5.20 cent; common are dull at 2 to 3.50; hog are active at 3.60 to 4.35; sheep are firm at 1.50 to 2.00; lambs are in demand at 2.50 to 3.

—R. B. Lyle sold last week to Mattingly & Simms a pair of work mules for the handsome price of \$880. It is needless to say that they were good ones. —[Lebanon Standard.]

—A Cincinnati paper says: "Two car loads of watermelons from Florida arrived this morning, consigned to houses on Front street and they are on the market at \$350-\$400 per hundred."

—Woodcock & Helus bought lambs of G. D. Hopper. John Raney, Robt. McAlister and J. E. Bruce, present delivery, at 5 cents and Tom Woods bought W. A. Hall, Gooch's and others' at same price.

—The Jones Bros. have purchased 12,000 bushels of bluegrass seed at 48 cents, to be delivered the 1st of August. Sam Kidd Hodgkin sold to Lexington parties a pair of mules for \$325 and one mule for \$127.50. —[Winchester Democrat.]

—J. S. Bond sold to J. B. Kale, of Owen county, 25 head of 2, 3 and 4-year-old cattle at \$21.50 per head. Last year Scott county produced over two and a half million pounds of tobacco—a good showing for a new tobacco county. —[Georgetown Times.]

—WINCHESTER COURIER.—About 500 head of cattle on the market, a very few of which were sold; 50 head of 2 year-olds brought \$35.00 per head; one lot of yearlings sold at \$37.50; 17 head of 300 pound steers brought \$32.50; 3 head 1,100 pound \$15.00.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—The Louisville Amateurs, who were defeated by the Danvilles last week, have strengthened themselves and are coming back next week to try it over again.

—Wakefield & Hudson bought Wednesday of Garrard county parties three 15 hand 1 inch mules at prices averaging \$158 each. Some firms sold to a dealer at McKinney, a pair of horse mules at \$220.

—The ladies of the Clemens House got up a Mother Goose tableau Wednesday night which was attended by a number of little folks. Miss Lena Smith, daughter of Rev. Green Clay Smith, contributed excellent music for the occasion.

—Mr. H. E. Wolfork, late of Louisville, has taken an interest in the *Advocate*, of this place and will be business manager thereof. Jas. R. Marrs has received his commission as postmaster and will enter upon his duties as soon as Mr. Linney returns from Missouri and turns over the office to him. Mr. Jas. F. Zimmerman will be chief clerk in the P. O.

—Henry Fry was fined \$5 and costs in the police court Wednesday for hitting a colored friend in the head with a rock. Henry says the friend called him the son of a female canine and that is why he smote him. This morning in the same court Pres.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

THE "POT-BOILER."

THE ARTIST WHO TURNS OUT AN OIL PAINTING IN TEN MINUTES.

An "Unrived Collection" of Bad Marbles, Hand-me-down Tropicals and Initiation Turners and Landscapes — A "Pot-boiler" at Work.

[Chicago Tribune] "A 'pot-boiler'! Certainly I know what a 'pot-boiler' is."

Thus said the stranger, regarding his interlocutor with almost a resentful air, as if an imputation of ignorance had been cast upon him. The two were standing in the doorway of a State street mock-auction room, regarding, with mingled feelings of curiosity and amusement, "an unrived collection of oil paintings," whereof the putative authors were among the most celebrated artists of Europe. The stranger had been moved by the spectacle to mention the above-named subject. He went on to say:

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,' and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer. There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. 'All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!' And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

Ten years have now passed since you were 40, and by weight 12½ stones—a fair proportion for your height and build.

Now you turn the scale to one stone more, every ounce of which is fat—extra weight to be carried through all the labors of life.

If you continue your present dietary and habits and live five or seven years more the burden of fat will be doubled, and that insinuating tailor will be still congratulating you.

Maintain you're running the race of life—a figure of speech less appropriate to the present moment than it formerly was—handicapped by a weight which makes active movement difficult, up-stair ascents troublesome, respiration thick and panting.

Not one man in fifty lives to a good old age in this condition. The typical man of 50 or 60 years, still retaining a respectable amount of energy of body and mind, is lean and spare, and lives on slender rations. Neither your heart nor your lungs can exert easily and healthily, being oppressed by the gradually gathering fat around it. And thisLeaner you continue to eat and drink as you did, or even more luxuriously than you did, when youth and activity disposed of that mass of food which was consumed over and above what the body required for sustenance.

Such is the import of that balance of unexpended aliment which your tailor and your foolish friends admire, and the gradual disappearance of which, should you recover your sensibility and diminish it, may still deprive, half frightening you back to your old habits again by saying, "You are growing thin; what can be the matter with you?" Insane and mischievous delusion.

A Barber's History of the "Machine Clip."

"Well, this down east Yankee went to work on the moving machine idea. In two weeks he had his first machine constructed. Here Sam," he says to the brush boy, "you've got a little moving machine here for cutting hair, an' I want to try it on you." The trial was made. But it wasn't a success. Hair flew all over the room, the chair was turned over, and Sam screeched like a strawberry ventiler. You see, the first machine was geared a little too strong, and they quiet public discontent. The suggestion was acted up, and a parking commission was appointed, who should act as an advisory board to plan for and superintend the setting out of suitable shade trees. These gentlemen were practical overseers. The annual expeditures for this department has been \$15,000. The parking commission has had no hand in the money, their duties being wholly advisory and supervising. During the last few years of our administration the principal outlay was for purchasing and setting out trees. As soon as practicable two nurseries were started and planted with the seeds of approved varieties of shade trees, and by this means of late years we have been able to secure our streets at minimum price and little loss.

"As the number of trees under our charge increased, it was found that the boxing and proper care of those already planted absorbed the funds to such an extent that only 2,000 or 3,000 new trees could be planted annually. The tree boxes cost us 45 cents apiece, and by their peculiar construction serve not only to protect the trees from outside violence, but also afford adequate support to the young trees against the high wind which often prevail in this section and to which, from their isolated position, they are peculiarly exposed. Under favorable conditions a tree box will last six or eight years. The employment of six or eight men with three horses is required, throughout the working season, to renew and repair the tree boxes alone.

"It is amazing how many accidents a properly planted tree has to contend with in its innumerable efforts in behalf of public comfort. Every runaway horse is sure to fetch up against a tree box, to their mutual hurt and destruction. Drunken men, blind them safer and far more convenient resting place than the proverbial lamp-post. Rain and wind storms in connection with excess of growth produce a large annual crop of accidents. Two thousand trees were prostrated in a single summer storm a few years ago. No tree is exempt from its hereditary foes in the way of bugs, beetles, and worms. The police report daily all mishaps to trees and boxes, and we keep a team busy throughout the growing season repairing damages, such as removing broken limbs and rotten roots. It requires a large aggregate of labor to simply care for a forest of 60,000 trees, for such it really is. During the planting season, of course, a much larger force is temporarily employed."

"O, certainly," was the careless rejoinder, "I don't need them. I carry my 'designs' in my head; two or three 'fores' as many 'instances,' an' skiss, and 'immaculous,' and there's my outfit. The difference is in the combinations. Now, in this picture, say, I have No. 1 sky, No. 3 distance, No. 2 fore, and so on."

The artist had already begun work on another canvas.

That placard I see you're looking at is one I often use when I make my trips. Yes, I go to state fairs and expositions, take a boat, hang that sign out, and literally paint pictures while my customers wait for them. How long? Well, say ten minutes on a small canvas. That sort of work brings \$1 a copy, or \$1 with a frame. Money in it! Well, rather! Five people out of ten think they've got a bargain at the price. They're made \$75 a day, with a clean profit of \$5. Two of my friends did even better at the New Orleans exposition last winter, and there wasn't any crowd to speak of, either. Where does most of my work go to? That's one of the secret of the biz! May be you know to the stranger?"

The stranger inhaled by his conduct as he led his companion out that door.

Cucumbers.

[Chicago Herald.]

There is a store on the north side which is occupied by an undertaker. Several choice caskets are placed artistically in his show window. Some are teen sizes and some of cherubic dimensions. In this window, filled with reminders which make all of us feel small, this undertaker put a sign, "Part of window to rent." A man came along who rented a part of this window pavil for it and began moving in his merchandise. He was a vegetable dealer, and piled up cucumbers and other choicer truck along; the coffin in a manner which ruffled the coffin dealer. A lawsuit is on the tap. The health department will be called upon to decide whether a man who deals in death truck is any worse than the man who advertises for dead people. The north side is awaiting the outcome of this decision with bated breath. They are battening on the man with the cucumber pile.

A Misty Somewhere.

[Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.]

Blessed are the peacemakers, Bismarck gets \$8,000 a day for keeping all Europe in a state of fighting suspense about what he is going to do next. Gen. Komarov gets 100,000 rubles for killing a few Afghans and standing all India up on end, a good cannone costs \$1,000 and a city missionary wears out his life for \$600 a year and you can get a Bible of the Tract society for nothing.

Kaolin in Dakota.

[Chicago Journal.]

The Marquis de Moro is confident that the whitish clay found near the lignite ruins at Medora is the kaolin from which the finest pottery ware is made. If it proves to be such, he will manufacture on a large scale there.

SWING SONG.

(William Allington in Magazine of Art.)
Swing, swing, swing, swing!
Here's my Turnus and I am a King;
Swing, swing, swing, swing!

Farewell, Earth, for I'm on the wing!

Low, high, here I fly;
Like a bird through sunny sky!
Free, free, over the sea!
Over the mountain, over the sea!

Up, down, up and down!
Which is way to London town?
Where, where, up in the air!
Close your eyes—and now you are there!

Soon, soon, afternoon,
Over the sunset, over the moon.
Far, far, over the hill!
Sweeping on from star to star!

No, no, low, low!
Sweeping down with my toe.
Low, low, to and fro.
Slow—slow—slow—slow!

WHEN YOUR GIRTH INCREASES.

Extra Weight To Be Carried Through the Labors of Life.

Sir Henry: The open in Nineteenth century. There is but occasional visit to the tailor, who, up in hand, announces in commercial monotone to the listening clerk the various measurements of our girth, and congratulates us on the great increase thereof. He never in his life saw you looking so well, and "fancy, sir, you are another inch below your arm pit"—a good deal below—"since last year!" Inistically intimating that in another year or so you will have nearly a flinch as themen! And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.

"All this stuff is the work of 'pot-boilers,'" and with a decisive sweep of his right hand, he took in a heterogeneous group of bad marbles, hand-me-down tropicals, and unforgivable copies of Bouguereau and Landseer.

There was one caricatured caricature of a Turner. "All that stuff, sir, will have nearly a flinch as themen!" And you, poor deluded victim, are more than half willing to believe that your læssez-faire size is an augument to increasing health and strength, especially as your wife emphatically takes that view, and regards your augmenting portliness with approval.